

# MONTEREY NEWS

MAY 1996  
VOLUME XXVI · Number 5



*On the north side of the McLaughlin/Wilson house.*

## INSIDE THE HORSE'S MOUTH

*He never considered it, as loath  
To look a gift horse in the mouth.*

— Samuel Butler (1600-1680)

Baby Town Meeting, as it is sometimes called, began as a means of informing voters on issues before the Annual Town Meeting (Saturday, May 4, from 9 a.m.). Usually, a dozen or so true-blue citizens show up to hash over the arcane minutiae of local governing. On Friday, April 26, some seventy-five townspeople attended Baby Town Meeting and spent over two hours discussing one ballot question which will be put to a vote on May 4: "Shall the Town vote to authorize the Select Board to accept the gift of Edith Lavinia Wilson under Paragraph Third (a) and (b) of her will (Berkshire County probate #95P0447-EP)? Yes\_\_\_ No\_\_\_."

Edith Wilson was eighty-one when she died last summer. She and her friend Margaret McLaughlin, who died in 1991, lived here in a house on New Marlborough Road for more than fifty years. The relevant sections of Ms. Wilson's will (see inset, p. 8) offer a gift to the town "for municipal purposes" of their house and a cottage together with 28.6 acres of land along New Marlborough Road and Route 23. Should the town decline to accept this gift of property, proceeds from its sale will be added to the McLaughlin/Wilson Scholarship Fund, already a large sum held in trust, and established in 1994 by Ms. Wilson to the benefit of high school graduates from Monterey.

In effect, the town cannot refuse their gift. In what form townspeople will vote to accept it remains to be seen.

The April 26 meeting opened with a presentation by Michèle Miller, Needs

— *Cont'd under MEETING, p. 8*

## ANONYMOUS GRANT ADDED TO BEQUEST

Heaping a cash grant onto a proffered gift of real property, an anonymous donor pledged fifty thousand dollars to support the bequest of the McLaughlin/Wilson residence, cottage, and grounds to the Town of Monterey. The grant is to be used for interim planning and preservation. Town officials first learned of the grant on Sunday, April 28.

Local discussion of the bequest and its consequences has been widespread and often passionate leading up to Saturday, when voters will decide whether or not to authorize Select Board acceptance of the bequest. The planning component of this new grant can buy time for thorough study and informed debate in the search for agreement as to what use of the bequest best fulfills the needs of the town and suits the character of the property—provided voters accept the bequest in the first place.



*Amishmen and Mennonites helped raise a barn at Gould Farm recently to replace a sheep shelter whisked away by the tornado. Story and photos, pp. 10-11.*



## THE TOWN

**Town Meeting Approaches.** On April 1 the warrant for the May 4 Annual Town Meeting was prepared and faxed to town counsel for approval.

On April 19, Stefan Grotz received a letter from Bruce Bruneau, Project Coordinator of the Massachusetts Office on Disability, stating that the Fire Station, site of Town Meeting, is not in compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act by not having a ramp or toilet facilities for the handicapped. As a result, a ramp will be placed on the east side entrance to the station, and toilet facilities will be improved for compliance.

**Government Miscellany.** On April 8, Georgiana O'Connell, representing the Select Board, met with the Conservation Commission regarding drainage plans for the perimeter of Town Hall. A perimeter drain with pipe buried about a foot below the foundation will be installed when the ground is drier. As of April 22, plans have been drawn by Don Amstead which will be presented to the Commission May 13. When questioned regarding the necessity of improvements for Town Hall should the Town vote to accept the Wilson/McLaughlin property, the Board suggested valuable ways the Town Hall could continue to serve Monterey as a recreational and civic meeting place.

Also on April 8, Fred Vorck came before the Board to inquire whether Monterey might raise revenues under Chapter 91, Waterways, which permits towns to register lakeside docks for fees. Stefan Grotz recommended reviewing the regulations when they are issued.

Mr. Vorck also questioned the progress of tornado cleanup along Route 23, particularly at the Route 57 intersection. His concern is debris as a fire hazard for the summer months. Chair Stefan Grotz responded that he is in contact with Senator Jane Swift concerning reimbursement that can be applied to continuing clean up.

The same evening Delbert Martin, who recently bought Precision East on Route 23, was issued a business permit for Del Motors Automotive at the same location.

Regarding improvements to River Road, Don Amstead reported to the Select Board on April 22 that he had looked it over with Mark Brennan of the Berkshire Natural Resources Council, and that Mr. Brennan said the Council is unlikely to fund any project there because it is not a residential road, nor does it connect any towns to which there is not alternative access. In Peter Brown's ab-

sence (on vacation), the Board suggested widening Corashire Road, where he lives—joking, of course!

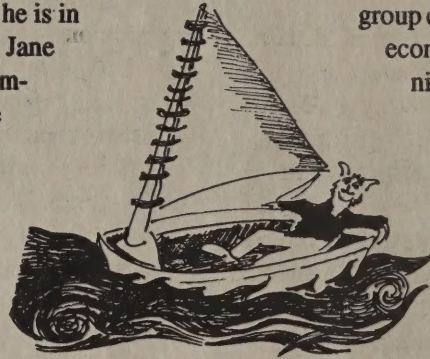
Also that evening, the Select Board approved a motion requiring all future employees to have physical examinations as a prerequisite to employment, to protect the Town against suits brought by employees with pre-existing problems.

Eric Bruun came before the Board representing Southern Berkshire Community Development (BCD), a group committed to nurturing economic development in nine southern Berkshire towns, one of which is Monterey. BCD is reviving a former effort to help low-income families find housing; it is seeking grants, and endorsement of its goals. Monterey is

not targeted for business ventures.

Police Chief Gareth Backhaus requested that the Board honor expenses for the 1996 fiscal year, which are approximately \$7,000 over budget. Chief Backhaus said that the improved response capability of Monterey Police has increased demands on their time, as well as service to the community. The Board advised him to speak with the Finance Committee.

— Jane Black



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## MONTEREY TAG SALE

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**8 a.m. – 1 p.m.**

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Call Dan Andrus at 528-5444 to donate goods to the Fire Company.

**RAIN OR SHINE**



## SELECT BOARD CANDIDATES SPEAK

*Fred Chapman, nominee of the Democratic Town Committee, and John Humphrey, Republican nominee, are running for Select Board this spring to fill the vacancy that will be left as Chair Stefan Grotz completes his three-year term. The candidates circulated these letters this past month.*

April 10, 1996

Dear Friends and Neighbors,

I have been nominated by the Democratic Town Committee for the open position on the Monterey Select Board.

Although many of you know me, I would like to introduce myself to those I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting.

Prior to building our house on Harmon Road, my wife Chandler and I lived in New York City. I have a fifteen-year-old son, Peter, and Chandler and I are expecting a baby any day now.

I attended college at New York University where I studied art history. After receiving my B.A., I attended architecture school at Columbia University, where I specialized in historic preservation. Later I went to Hofstra Law School, concentrating on environmental and land use issues. I have worked at an environmental law firm, the New York City Planning Department, the U. S. Attorney's Office, and a public interest civil rights organization. I have taught high school students at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, operated a catering business, and run my own art gallery. In addition, I rehabilitated and developed an old loft building. I was also responsible for the rescue of an abandoned nursing home that was eventually converted into an urban youth hostel.

Our life here in Monterey is meaningful and peaceful in ways that we could never have imagined previously. We were initially attracted to Monterey because it is a community which consciously tries to balance the needs of each individual with those of the town. This effort has been an important factor in upholding the unique character of Monterey.

Now that our house is nearly complete, I have been fine-tuning the solar

and wind-generated electric system which supplies us with power. In addition to growing grains and vegetables, we're planting a dozen or so fruit trees this fall.

I have always felt the need to be involved in the community where I live, and this is the reason why I chose to work with the Planning Board this past year. Joining the Select Board would provide me an even greater opportunity to help foster communication among members of this community. All of the people, organizations, and institutions that are a part of Monterey contribute to building the tranquil, creative, and prosperous environment upon which we all rely.

I have the energy and imagination to further serve the community, and I would welcome this opportunity to do so as a candidate for the Select Board. I hope I can count on your vote May 4 at Town Meeting.

Thank you very much.

— Fred Chapman

April 23, 1996

Hello,

My name is John B. Humphrey, and I am running as an Independent on the Republican ballot for a position on the Monterey Select Board.

I have lived in Monterey for twelve years and truly love this town. I have witnessed many changes, both in the landscape and the people I have known throughout these twelve years. Because change always happens, I hope to be a part of it while serving as your selectman.

Some of the projects I've been involved with in town were helping to build the ice rink and the playground, and coaching little league baseball with Leroy Thorpe. This is not politics, but the kind of community involvement I have enjoyed in Monterey. I have been on the Arts Council for many years, and was chairman for three. I was responsible for the distribution of state funds to many of our local artists. Having been involved with so many of these fine people, I feel ready to give my time to the Town as a selectman.

Because I have spent most of my adult life working in the building trades and real estate, I hope to bring this experience to the job when the discussion of town projects and development arise. There are always issues that come up between people who benefit from development, and those who wish to preserve the natural beauty of this town. I am very sensitive to this, as I know you all are. Also, I look forward to working with the Town Assessors, the Conservation Commission, Finance Committee, Planning Board, and others to arrive at the right decisions for the Town.

I realize that real estate taxes, Town Highway Department compensation, Town by-laws and Town zoning issues are only a few of the things I will have to work on, and I feel confident I have the ability to make sound decisions with intelligence, even-handedness, and common sense. I know I have a lot to learn, and I am willing to listen, evaluate, and use patience before making tough decisions. I feel this process will enable me to do a good job.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

— John B. Humphrey

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## LAND TRUST NEWS

Spring has arrived in the Berkshires. It has not arrived as of this writing, but it surely will—it's just gotta—as of this reading. Now snow still lingers on our newly acquired property, but I am sure it will soon be replaced by buds and bluets.

Where we stand: As the Mount Hunger preservation project was a town effort, the Land Trust Board members were hoping to be able to raise \$325,000 from contributions, without having to dip into our reserve fund (Land Acquisition Fund). This is a special fund to be used as needed for future acquisitions and purchase of development rights. In the end, we raised \$303,000 from contributions. We received an adjustment at closing for the amount of roll-back taxes which did not have to be paid by the seller; the net sale price turned out to be \$310,379.

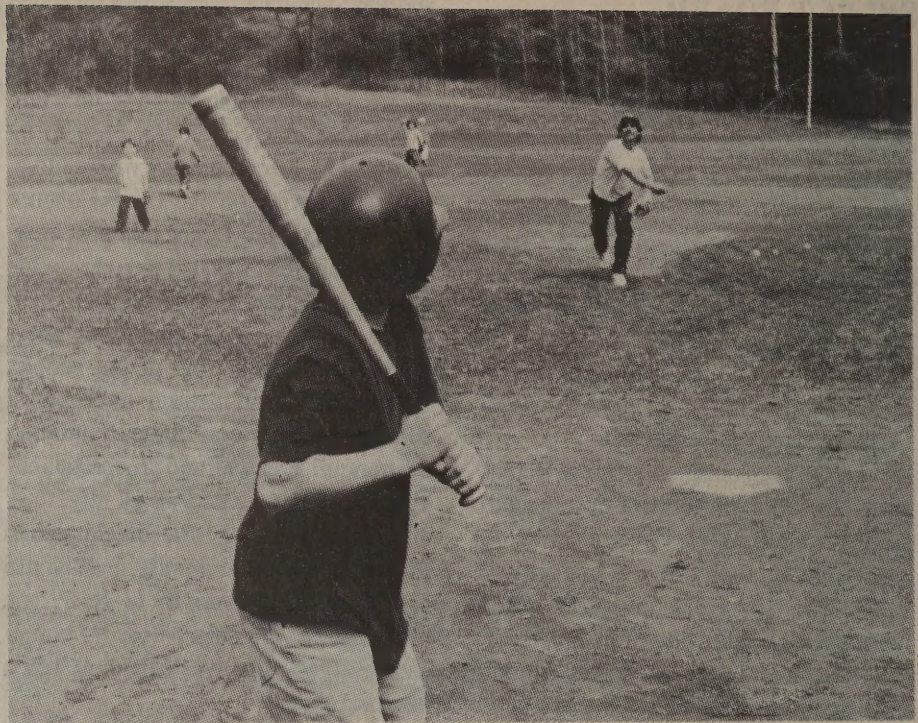
So the Land Trust is especially grateful as contributions continue to come in. Recent contributors are: Kristin Brown, Marcus Ellerkman, Gerard Esposito, Judy Hayes, Juliana and Jerrold Raab, Marvin Sachs, Tom and Melissa Scheffey, and Lydia Vermilye.

Correction: Karen Shreefter was an early contributor to the Mount Hunger Road effort and should have been included in the list of donors published last month. Our apologies Karen, and thanks for letting us know. If you contributed and were not listed last month, or this one, please let me know (413-528-6785).

All and any further contributions are more than welcome. Virtually all pledges were paid. Some were not. If yours is one of those, please do so now. We need it.

Anyone who would like to rejoin the Land Trust before our annual reminder is mailed out is welcome to do so. Up to \$25 are specified as dues, with a minimum of \$10. Further donations can be allocated to our Land Acquisition Fund or our general account. The general account goes toward our running expenses, which includes attorney fees, insurance, memberships in other land trust organizations, mailings, etc. We do not have any paid staff. All contributions are tax deductible.

Thanks to Joel Schick, who has graciously agreed to replace our precious



MAGGIE LEONARD

*Monterey Little League takes up the game in Greene Park.*

logo, the original of which was lost. He made the original for us ten years ago. We are most grateful to Joel for agreeing to create it once again.

We plan to hold our annual business meeting and picnic on July 20 or 21 (as a rain date).

— Joyce Scheffey

### NOTICE

Monterey's Annual Memorial Day Parade will be held on Monday, May 27, 1996, starting at 1 p.m. We ask that all Monterey veterans march in the parade. Please contact parade coordinator Peter Brown at 528-3549.

— Monterey Select Board

### RECITAL SCHEDULED

The piano students of Katherine Reis will present a recital on Sunday, May 19, at 3 p.m. in the Monterey United Church of Christ. Refreshments will be served following the performance, which will last approximately forty-five minutes. The public is welcome.

### MONTEREY NATURE HIKES

Bonner McAllester will lead a series of nature hikes for Monterey children, age six to twelve, on Friday mornings, July 12 through August 2. The class is limited to ten, and is free, thanks to a grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council. Call 528-9385 to register.

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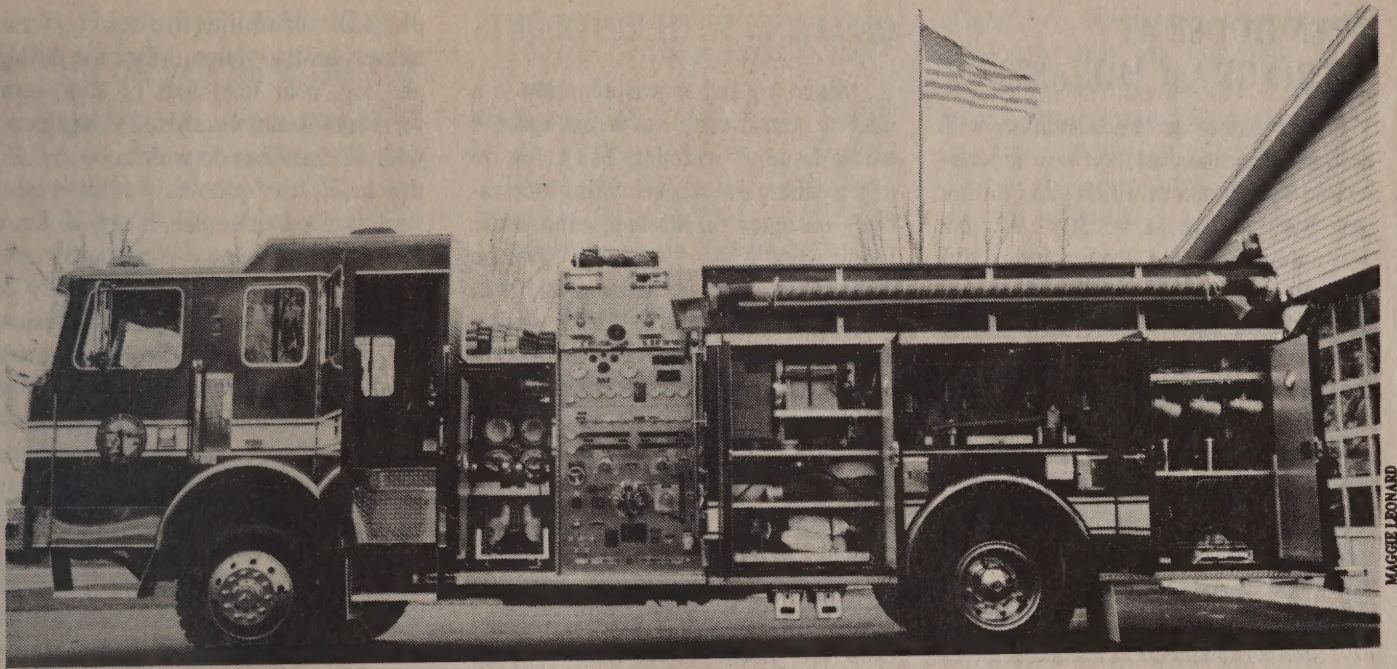
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*Monterey's new fire truck.*

## THE BIDWELL HOUSE

The Bidwell House swings into spring well prepared this year. The annual cleaning of the grounds and rooms has already begun. In addition, the museum will be advertised by a new, full-color brochure which can be found in display racks throughout Berkshire County.

This year there is a new approach for the heirloom vegetable garden. Traditionally, eighteenth-century gardens were laid out in four symmetrical quadrants with two intersecting paths, one north-south, the other east-west. The Bidwell House garden will be laid out this way, however each quadrant will be planted with varieties and methods from four different time periods connected to the history of the house. This plan should prove to be an excellent educational tool. The eighteenth-century herb garden in front of the museum will be moved to the back, next to the vegetable garden, as will the children's garden, with its leafy arbor. There will be a garden brochure for self-guided tours.

The museum opens on Saturday, May 25, and will be open through October 15. We are also open on Memorial Day, Labor Day, and Columbus Day. Hours are 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday-Sun-

day. This year, admission for children is lowered to \$1; admission for adults is raised to \$5; seniors and college students, admission \$4; museum members are admitted free. The museum grounds, gardens, and hiking trails are free to all. The museum phone is 528-6888.

The Bidwell House will kick off the season on opening day, Saturday, May 25, with The Great Bean Revival, The First Annual Berkshire County Old Time Bean Planting Day. This event is sponsored by the museum along with the Eastern Native Seed Conservancy. Two rare Berkshire County historical beans, the Berkshire Cranberry and the Stockbridge Indian Bean, will be planted at this special community event in the heirloom garden. Children and adults are invited to join in the planting, as well as a Bean Shelling Bee, and a Wild Herb and Edible Plant Walk and Talk. In addition, a traditional herbal-based "Mai Bowle" punch will be served. The event is free to the public.

On Sunday, June 2, we will host Quilt Day in Monterey, featuring the antique quilt collection of renowned quilter and Monterey resident Carole Zarlin. Carole is an excellent traditional hand quilter whose work has been published. Her antique collection focuses on nineteenth- and early twentieth-century

patchwork quilts, including some beautiful examples of Amish quilts. They will be displayed throughout The Bidwell House along with examples from the museum's collection. In addition, there will be a lecture and demonstration by Carole. A quilt frame will be set up for you to try your hand. We encourage you to bring antique patchwork quilts you may have for possible identification and dating. The workshop begins at 1 p.m. and the cost is \$5, museum members free. Reservations, 528-6888.

We look forward to seeing you all for a tour of the house, and at events offered throughout the season. And remember, The Bidwell House is a wonderful place to bring your out-of-town guests for a glimpse of old New England.

— Anita Carroll-Weldon

### STEFAN GROTZ ATTORNEY AT LAW

312 MAIN STREET  
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FAX: (413) 528-5165



## OPEN HOUSE AT TYRINGHAM MONASTERY

The Sisters of the Visitation will hold an open house at their new monastery in Tyringham on Friday and Saturday, May 10 and 11, 12:30-4:30 p.m. The public is invited. Dedication of the monastery and chapel will follow on Sunday, May 12, at 3 p.m., with Bishop Thomas Dupre celebrating the Liturgy for the Dedication of a Church.

The monastery was completed late last year, and twenty-four cloistered nuns who had made their home in Wilmington, Delaware, for the past hundred years took up residence here on December 15, 1995, six years and twenty-four days after they voted to move.

Saints Francis de Sales and Jane de Chantal founded this Roman Catholic Order of contemplatives in 1610 in Annecy, France. In the words of the Tyringham Visitandines, the Founders did not seek "great austerities, so that the door of the religious life might be open to the weak and more mature woman... The Visitandine of today... is a woman of her time fully aware that the modern world has need of her prayer and sacrifice." Visitandine vows are made to chastity, obedience, and poverty. Although silence is generally observed, the sisters do not take a vow of silence. Women retreatants are welcome at the monastery.

Sacred Heart Talks, given at the monastery by one of the sisters for the public each month, will take place on May 5 and June 2 at 4 p.m., followed by Vespers in the chapel. After the dedication on May 12, the chapel will be open to the public daily, 6 a.m.-6 p.m., for private prayer at any time between these hours. The public may join the Visitandines daily for Morning Prayer (Lauds) at 7 a.m., the Eucharist at 7:30 a.m., the Office of Readings at 9 a.m., and Evening Prayer (Vespers) at 5 p.m.

To get to the Visitation Monastery, take Tyringham Road from Monterey across the Tyringham valley to the stop sign. Turn right toward Otis and continue for a mile or less, looking for Beach Road on the right. Drive up Beach Road to the monastery.

— Peter Murkett

## ON LIVING WITH RESTRAINTS

Since my father was admitted to a nursing home a couple of weeks ago, the whole issue of restraints has taken on new meaning. He was becoming increasingly unsteady on his feet, even while living alone in his apartment. Then he came down with pneumonia and was hospitalized for about ten days. During that entire time, he was under restraint in bed and chair. At first Dad was too sick either to know or care. Then, as he got better, he began to protest—to little avail. He was told that the restraints were for his personal safety. Hospital staff did not want him to fall and injure himself. Considering his weakened state, that was quite understandable. But Dad, who had been able to move about at will pretty well, did not understand! Then came the transfer to a nursing home.

Federal regulations require family approval for the use of restraints. Now the issue took on added significance. It became my concern as well as Dad's. It was not only a matter of Dad's well-being, but also my emotions. I discovered a depth of emotion that surprised me. I realized that as I debated and discussed the issue of Dad's restraints, I was tapping a very sensitive place in my life. I think it has something to do with being and doing. I think of my life as being relatively unfettered. I can choose the philosophy by which I wish to live; by the same token, I can move about free from physical restraint. Yet there is the nagging thought, feeling, question: Am I as free from restraint as I think, feel?

When I look at my father and see his

physical infirmities (restraints)—extremely limited vision, arthritis in the hip and leg, near total loss of short-term memory—I am wonderfully impressed with all that I can do with my body. On that level, it is quite easy to define restraints. And, of course, it is with those that the nursing home is primarily concerned when establishing a policy of patient care. Dad looks at his physical capacities, acknowledges limitations, but wants to continue to be as independent as possible. The nursing home wants to keep Dad from unnecessary injury and pain. Dad's sense of integrity and dignity encounters nursing home policy. I hear both sides and familial sympathy bends my heart toward Dad. And then I begin to understand a new restraint (or is it constraint): love. And I realize that all the physical conditions with which we live, all the philosophies of life we take on and shed, are themselves influenced by and directed by love. Indeed, I am beginning to see, maybe for the first time, that physical restraints are, for me, constrained by love. That is, restraints receive their power from a place of knowing that I am loved. (Of course, the opposite can happen as well.)

Dad continues to struggle with his physical restraints and he does understand, as much as his short-term memory will allow, that the nursing home has his best interests at heart. And, in the meantime, I tell him that I love him and he replies: "You do not know how much that means." I think I am beginning to know.

Keith Snow, Pastor  
Monterey United Church of Christ

## Monterey United Church of Christ

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Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee) ..... 528-1321  
Tom O'Brien (Trustee) ..... 269-7471  
Judy Hayes (Worship) ..... 528-1874

### With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan ..... 528-5557  
Mary or Ray Ward ..... 528-9243  
Judy Hayes ..... 528-1874



## FAMILY SUPPORT NETWORK / CHILDREN'S HEALTH, INC.

Thank you for all the support you gave us for Family Fun Day 1996, and happy Mothers' Day on May 12!

Here is a listing of workshops and special activities for the month (except as otherwise noted, phone Children's Health Program at 528-9311 for information or registration):

**Wednesday, May 1** Breast-feeding Information and Support Group, Russell House, 9:30-11:30 a.m. For information, please call Cheryl Dobson at 528-8580.

**Fridays, May 3, 10, 17, and 24** Parent-child playgroup at Gould Farm, 9:30-11:30 a.m. Call Kim Hines at the Farm, 528-1804.

**Saturdays, May 4, 11, 18, and 25** Clothing and Toy Exchange, Construct Building (third floor), Main Street, Great Barrington, 10 a.m.-12 noon. Ditto, Thursdays, May 9-23, 3-5 p.m. Information from Loren or Claudette.

**Saturday, May 11** Luncheon for Families with Multiple Births, Old Parish Church, Sheffield, 12 noon-2 p.m. Sponsored by Family Support Network, Gould Farm, Old Parish Church, and Our Lady of the Valley Parish. Childcare available. RSVP Claudette.

**Monday, May 13** Issues of Divorce and Separation, workshop led by Kathie Young, social worker with First Steps,

an Early Intervention Program, 6:30-8:30 p.m. Childcare available. RSVP Loren.

### Wednesday, May 15

Single Mothers Playgroup, Russell House, 54 Castle St., Great Barrington, 2-4 p.m. This will be a trial playgroup to see if there is enough interest in single mothers meeting one another. Please call Claudette.

Our first attempt at a television show! Channel 11, cable, Vox Pop. Please check your television listing for correct time. The topic will be Sleep Problems with Children. We encourage other topics of interest to parents. Call Claudette.

**Saturday, May 18** Fathers' Group will meet for relaxation at Berkshire Mountain Yoga, 30 Elm Court, Great Barrington. For information call Tony.

**Wednesday, May 29** First Aid Course "Till Help Arrives," led by Mike Murphy, American Red Cross, 6:30-8:30 p.m. at Bear Care Center, 940 South Main St., Great Barrington. Childcare available. \$5 fee. RSVP Claudette.

We are planning our summer schedule and would appreciate suggestions. Call Claudette.

New Videos: *Mom and the Unborn Baby* considers changes during pregnancy, and prenatal development; *It's*

*Sleepy Time* has ideas for parents and toddlers to make bed time more enjoyable and peaceful, includes a cassette tape of songs; *From Crib to Classroom* tells how children learn; *See How They Grow* is about farm animals for children age two and older.

This from *Single Parenting*, a free pamphlet available at the Family Support Network Lending Library, Russell House, 54 Castle Street, Great Barrington:

Parenting alone can be very hard. The load leads to an overstressed life. When your children start to bear the brunt of your anger or weariness, try one of these alternatives:

- Stop, step back. Breathe in deeply and exhale slowly several times.

- Call a friend and ask for help. Tell your friend what you are experiencing and what you are feeling.

- If you can leave the house, take a walk.

- Remember what you love about your children. Keep favorite photos of them where you can easily pull them out.

- Write in a journal.

- If you can be alone with music, keep a special music selection or short relaxation tape handy to soothe you.

- Soak in a tub if your anger won't subside.

- If your anger is still likely to hurt your children, call a trusted friend again and ask him or her to come over for a little while.

- Parents Anonymous: 1-800-882-1250. Parental Stress Hotline: 1-800-632-8188.

## The Roadside Store & Cafe

Owned and Operated by the Gould Farm Community  
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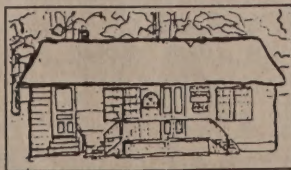
"The pancakes should be denoted by hubcap size ....

Small is a Honda, medium is a Ford Taurus,  
and large is a Mac truck."

-- Matthew Brewer, a Roadside regular

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## MEETING, *cont'd from p. 1*

Assessment Coordinator for the Edith Wilson Bequest, and architect Robert McMahon, hired to draw up a plan for municipal use of the McLaughlin/Wilson place after voters appropriated \$1,800 to study possible uses at a Special Town Meeting in March. Ms. Wilson's will suggests "municipal purposes, such as a meetinghouse, town hall, exhibition hall, etc." Due to long-standing need, and to give voters a basis for comparison with previous town hall proposals, conversion of the residence to a town hall—offices, storage of records, meeting rooms, etc.—was the focus of Mr. McMahon's effort. The presentation included an estimate of house repairs presently needed, site and floor plans for renovation, and, for comparison with previous studies and alternative options, a floor plan for renovating and adding on to the Grange building, currently used as a town hall.

Ms. Miller emphasized that conversion to a town hall was only one possible use of the McLaughlin/Wilson building and grounds.

Regardless of use, the house needs some foundation work and roof repair to improve drainage, replacement of the septic tank, painting, and minor trim and

siding repair. This work was estimated at \$39,000; the total estimated cost of repairing and renovating the McLaughlin/Wilson house (2570 square feet) for town hall use came to \$163,520; the estimate for renovation and an addition at the Grange (3446 square feet) totaled \$225,000; cost of a hypothetical town hall of 2600 square feet, new from the ground up, was estimated at \$125/square foot, for a total of \$325,000. (A suitable site and the cost of land are not taken into account with this figure.)

Town hall studies and proposals are nothing new in Monterey. Linda Thorpe noted in passing that Monterey's first town hall committee convened in 1898. Several committees in recent years have spent approximately \$10,000 of appropriated funds to study the town's need for governmental office and meeting space in a central location. The town has yet to produce a building designed for and used by local government. The present locus of town business was built as home for Monterey Grange No. 291. The town bought the building (for a dollar) in 1989 shortly after the second floor of the schoolhouse was condemned as structurally unsound, and set up shop with virtually no renovations or improvements.

Mr. McMahon's proposal showed parking and the main entrance on the north side of the McLaughlin/Wilson house, and a driveway entering directly from Route 23 between the New Marlborough and Sandisfield Roads. This plan allowed access to offices and meeting rooms all on one level. The floor level of the proposed addition to the Grange is at grade with parking, but the existing structure has two floors, one above grade and one below. This circumstance calls for an interior wheelchair lift in addition to the existing ramp into the basement for access to all three floors. Under the Americans with Disabilities Act, public buildings are required to have appropriate access for handicapped persons.

Townpeople who took the floor at the Baby Town Meeting addressed a multitude of town hall issues. Gerry Shapiro mentioned the convenience of the present town hall, clustered with General Store and Post Office nearby.

### *From the will of Edith Lavinia Wilson, Paragraph Third:*

(a) I give and devise the original farmhouse with attached buildings, together with a suitable curtilage (a frontage of approximately 600' on New Marlborough Road and 284' on Route 23) to the Town of Monterey, Massachusetts, on the condition that it agree to maintain said farmhouse in good condition, to be used for municipal purposes, such as a meetinghouse, townhall, exhibition hall, etc. as the selectpeople may determine; and in the event that the Town officials should decide not to accept this devise for such purposes I direct that said farmhouse, etc. be sold and the net proceeds added to my residuary estate.

(b) I give and devise the remaining portion of said parcel of real property (total parcel (a) and (b) is 28.61 acres) to the Town of Monterey, Massachusetts, on the condition that it remain in its natural state, for recreational and park uses, and it is my suggestion that the cottage known as "Bally Gally" be used for the caretaker of said Town land. It is my wish that there be no harvesting or cutting of trees except for silviculture.

Fred Vorck sounded dubious about adapting "another old house," and said "nobody has wanted a town hall yet." But Select Board member Peter Brown spoke of the one undivided room in which all town business is presently conducted as being a "zoo" where it's impossible to concentrate and a working Monday likely stretches, with exasperating inefficiency, from 9 a.m. until midnight. He remembered the Grange Hall as well-suited to the dances and plays for which it was long used, and spoke of the bequest as an opportunity to meet the real needs of town government, and perhaps even return the old hall to something like its former life. Dean Amidon respectfully termed the estimates unrealistically low.

Bob Heath, an abutter of the McLaughlin/Wilson property, brusquely challenged several aspects of the proposal. He asked if the parcel was zoned for municipal use, to which Select Board Chair Stefan Grotz replied that town coun-

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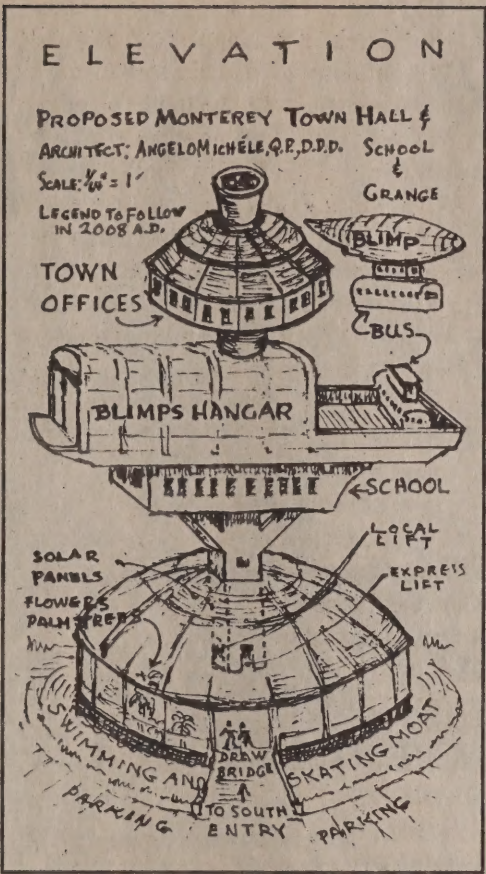
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sel had advised applying for a Special Permit under the zoning bylaw. Mr. Heath said the Monterey Water Company, of which he is a shareholder, is under a mandate from the state to cut water use and would not supply the McLaughlin/Wilson property. Mr. McMahon responded that design criteria for office water use would be less than those for residential use. Mr. Heath also questioned the architect about providing for lead paint and asbestos removal in the old house. He cited a newspaper report that the cottage on the property might be used as a daycare center, and demanded to know what the plan really was, what would be done.

Many said there wasn't sufficient time or opportunity to consider such a consequential proposal before voting, to which others responded that the town hall proposal was distinct from the bequest. Ann McGinley said it was "not about accepting the proposal but about accepting the gift" of real property. Ray Ward noted that the ballot question "authorizes" the Select Board to accept the bequest; he said an affirmative vote on the ballot question would not itself force the town to take on the property. Under the conditions of Ms. Wilson's will, further study and discussion of alternative municipal uses of all or part of the property could follow an affirmative vote. Rental of the houses for income during a decision-making period was suggested. Stefan Grotz, an executor of the Wiison estate, said he thought that if townspeople could not



*Edith Wilson's plan for a Monterey town hall, published on the front page of the April 1, 1988 Monterey News. Like all Monterey town halls planned to date, it was never built.*

agree on use after accepting the bequest, all or part of the property could be sold subsequently, with proceeds added to the scholarship fund, as provided in the will. John Ryder questioned whether the town could recoup any investment in repairs and improvements if such a later sale took place, and Mr. Grotz replied that he thought it would be a matter for negotiation with the Berkshire Taconic Foundation, which holds the scholarship fund in trust.

There was strong feeling that more public discussion and time for consideration is needed, but apparently it will not take place at Annual Town Meeting, due to procedural constraints. Monterey conducts its Annual Town Meeting concurrently with voting by written ballot. Election of officers and voting on certain questions occurs throughout the day by such ballot; other issues are presented as articles on the warrant, decided as Town Meeting progresses by voice vote, a show

of hands, or, rarely, by secret ballot. The Select Board chose to place the bequest question on the written ballot to insure privacy and separate voting from the heat of debate—unaware that this would preclude discussion on the floor. Town Moderator Mark Makuc said that state Election Commission rules strictly forbid public discussion of ballot matters during the casting of ballots. He is not authorized to allow it, and will not do so. Some towns conduct their annual town meetings and balloting at separate times for just this reason. Monterey voters must make up their minds on the issue without benefit of public debate other than what occurred at the meeting on April 26. Should an affirmative vote prevail on May 4, it is all but certain that further public discussion and votes will follow. Eventually, townspeople might even reach consensus as to the best use of the bequest.

As the Friday meeting continued into the night, some invoked Edith Wilson's memory. She was an artist and designer who produced drawings, paintings, sculpture, and houses all her life, and was continually involved in town affairs (served on town hall committees herself). Edith never hesitated to speak her mind. Dean Amidon suggested that she would have relished the debate she has provoked with her legacy, and Ann McGinley reminded the meeting that she could find the humor in most situations. She often provided it. Her civic and artistic selves overlapped: she brought an aesthetic sensibility to bear on town affairs, and in the gift she has offered is an opportunity to meet practical needs in a pleasing, resonant setting.

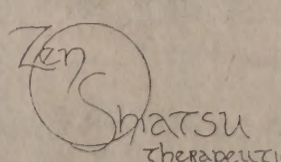
— Peter Murkett

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KATHLEEN TAYLOR-LACY

## RAISING THE BARN

Forty-two men with names like Hostetler, Yoder, Zook, and Zimmerman traveled through the night of March 27 from central New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, arriving before breakfast at Gould Farm. There they set to work like an orchestra under the quiet direction of master builder Jacob Flaud, and built a barn. Then they ate a hearty supper and rode home through the night, returning to the work waiting for them on their own farms.

While this was a most unusual event for the Gould Farm community, it was not so unusual for these Amish and Mennonite men who, under the auspices of the Mennonite Disaster Service, frequently donate time and skills in the wake of calamity. They respond when a call comes from the central office, knowing little more than the essential fact that there is a need.

There is a special story buried in the drama of this barn-raising that wants telling. Several years ago a conservative sect in central Pennsylvania called the

Nebraska Amish were devastated by a series of six arson fires in which they lost barns, livestock, and a very precious anonymity when the wider world responded with fiscal and moral support. The habits of an insular community change slowly. But after hesitantly accepting kindness from the hands of strangers, this conservative sect now participates in the Mennonite Disaster Service, reaching out to others in need. Six of these wonderful men were part of the group that built the barn at Gould Farm. One of them, like us, had lost a barn, but gained much, much more than a building in the process of its replacement.

— Donna Burkhart



WAYNE DUNLOP

## CRONE CRAFT'S

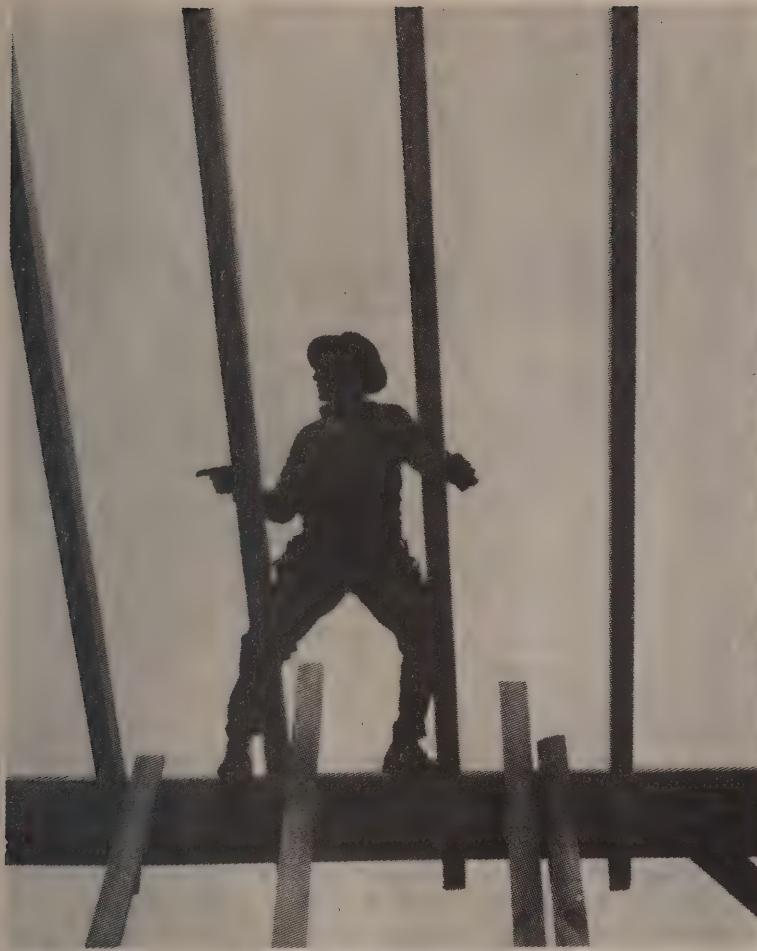
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FROM OUTLET



WAYNE DUNLOP



FROM OUTLET



## THE POLITICIANS

*This month we have two letters back home from Boston, as follows:*

### Accessible Health Care:

#### The Right Choice

I am sure you understand the dangers of letting a child's common cold or an ear infection go unattended. Or perhaps you've known an elderly person who, because he didn't visit a doctor, didn't know that his persistent cough was signaling a serious cardiac problem.

In most cases people are forced to neglect their health care needs simply because they do not have adequate insurance coverage. Today in Massachusetts, some 700,000 residents live without health care insurance. One out of every eight people over the age of sixty-five is not covered, and over 160,000 children under the age of eighteen have no insurance.

It is an indisputable fact on the federal, state, and local level that inadequate access to health care is one of the most pressing issues facing our society. And it is one about which the Democrats in the Massachusetts House of Representatives are taking action.

To provide better access to health care, we have authored a proposal that will implement a "health care minimum wage." Under this program, employers would be responsible for covering half of the cost of health care insurance for employees working at least twenty hours a week. This coverage for many employees who have no health insurance now would be mandated beginning January 1, 2000.

This Democratic proposal also includes a twenty-five-cents-per-pack increase in the cigarette tax which would be in part earmarked for expanding the Children's Medical Security Plan (CMSP). While the CMSP currently covers children up to age twelve, the program will be expanded to provide health care for children up to age eighteen. This increase in coverage will protect approximately 125,000 more children.

The remainder of the funds generated by the cigarette tax would be used to establish an assistant program for prescription drugs for low income seniors and disabled people on Medicare. We estimate this new assistance could cover over 65,000 people who currently have no prescription drug coverage.

The bill also seeks to expand Medicaid eligibility under a federal waiver granted to the Commonwealth. This expanded Medicaid eligibility will cover all residents below 133% of the federal poverty level, and another 75,000 residents currently without health insurance. Additionally, this bill would expand Medicaid eligibility for children younger than twelve years old living at 200% of the poverty level, covering some 18,000 more children. Neither of these provisions will cost the state of Massachusetts anything above what we already spend on the Medicaid program.

I have been a long-time advocate for establishing a single payer health care system in Massachusetts. I believe strongly that this new improved access bill is a strong step in the direction of universal coverage for residents here. To

help us continue the good fight in the direction of single payer, we have included \$50,000 in this access bill for a study of implementing a system of this type in Massachusetts.

This Health Care Access Bill is making its way steadily through the legislative process. On March 27, the bill received a favorable report from the committee and it will move on to the Ways and Means Committee where the cost to the state will be examined closely.

When this bill moves to the floor of the House, I plan to do everything I can to rally the votes to pass it. Without a measure such as this in place, too many people are denied their basic human right to adequate health care.

— State Rep. Christopher J. Hodgkin

### Financial Aid Options

As many of you with college-age children know, the process of deciding how to fund your child's education is quite difficult. For those of you with younger children, it is never too early to begin planning for their education. As a Massachusetts resident who relied heavily upon student loans and scholarships to finance my own college education, I understand the need to explore all possible opportunities. The process is a virtual labyrinth, which can be difficult to navigate for the first time. However, the rewards of higher education are innumerable and its necessity grows each year. I have always been and continue to be a strong supporter of making higher education affordable. Below are just a few options which may be appropriate for your family's particular situation.

The New England Board of Higher Education sponsors an important and innovative tuition savings plan, the New England Regional Student Program (RSP). Under the RSP, Massachusetts residents are eligible for reduced tuition at out-of-state New England public higher education institutions if their selected degree program is not available in Massachusetts. The tuition reduction is available for associate, bachelor's, master's, J.D., and Ph.D. degree programs. Over

## Rick Mielke

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eighty institutions in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont are involved in the RSP. In 1995, Massachusetts residents involved with the plan saved an average of \$3,854 on their tuition bills. For further information, contact my office or the Office of the Regional Student Program, New England Board of Higher Education, 45 Temple Street, Boston, MA 02111, (617-357-9620).

There are several Educational Opportunity Centers throughout the state which can provide information about public and private colleges, job training programs, careers, and financial aid. The two facilities in western Massachusetts are located in Pittsfield at 269 First Street (499-9531) and in Chicopee at 591 Memorial Drive, Fairfield Mall Rear (594-3204). In addition, the Higher Education Information Center in Boston has a toll free number (1-800-442-1171) from which information can also be obtained.

For assistance with the many different loan programs which are available, contact the Massachusetts Educational Financing Authority (MEFA). This group can be reached at 1-800-842-1531. Among many other things, MEFA can provide parents with a workbook that includes an overview of several different loans.

The Massachusetts College Saving Program (the U-Plan) is a great way for families to keep up with the escalating costs of college tuition. This plan will allow a family to lock in tomorrow's college tuition at today's rates. By making annual lump-sum payments of \$300, or by establishing a monthly installment plan of \$25, parents can pre-pay up to 100% of a child's future college tuition. Seventy-five public and private Massachusetts colleges and universities participate in the U-Plan. An enrollment package can be obtained by calling my office at 413-442-5240, by calling MEFA at 1-800-499-MEFA, or by visiting any Fleet Bank Branch.

Information on these and various other financial aid programs can be obtained from my office. I can be reached in Pittsfield at 413-442-5240, or in Boston at 617-722-1625.

— Senator Jane M. Swift

## NEW MARLBOROUGH AND MONTEREY SCHOOL NEWS

April: the snowsuits, boots, and mittens can finally be put away. Spring flowers, fresh air, and field trips are here.

Marsha Pottle's fourth grade visited the mobile Star Lab at Undermountain School. The lab is a domed, bubble-type room that has a rotating display of stars from which the children learn to identify constellations. Judy Ladd's combined first and second grade class visited the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown. It's great to see our children take advantage of the cultural attractions we have right here in our own county.

Judy's class, with the help of Beth Putnam-Mullen, made cloth tote bags

from designer material supplied by Dek Tillet, Ltd. They are great-looking bags, and sturdy, too—Claire still has hers from second grade.

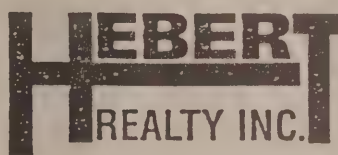
"These are the people in your neighborhood..." Pre-K visited the Mill River Post Office, general store, and library as part of a unit on community workers.

Congratulations to first grader Brooke Marks on her winning poster entry for Family Fun Day sponsored by the Children's Health Program.

Pre-K and kindergarten registration for next year took place April 3. Report cards for grades three and four went home April 5. May 10 is Community Reading Day at NMC and Monterey schools. Read who the celebrities were in the next issue.

— Deborah Mielke

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## CRY THE DEAD LOVERS!

*Cry, cry the dead lovers!*

*The blue-winged kisses they received  
are lost in air  
if ever there*

*like waves blown over by the breeze  
their star-sprayed leapings by the myriad seas  
as hand to breast  
they spumed the crest  
then fell to sand and brought each other human ease*

*Cry, cry, the dead lovers!*

*the tender strokings of the hair  
the smiling gaze  
the touch that grazed*

*close to the pulsing beat of fire  
that swept the flesh with flame desire  
'til skin to skin would enter in  
they are all gone  
to time's dark gaping ash-mawed pyre*

*Cry, cry the dead lovers!*

*here lies one newly born  
all live in me  
and what I see*

*all lovers ever are in him  
wild beauty's wilder paradigm  
their mortal bliss*

*within our kiss  
death's cup holds love!  
eternal lovers,  
we are bending to its brim.*

— A. O. Howell



## SUNSET

*Five o'clock's my worst hour.  
Let them pour wine, I will search the sunset.  
They will not miss me. I head for the beach.  
The salt air floats in off the bay,  
I breathe deep grateful for escape.  
Sailing wind chills my neck,  
But I will not turn back.  
The contained sun shines,  
In a fiery red ball, the gold worn off.  
Resting on the tree tops, it sits,  
In the gentle hands of God.  
Across a lazy, rolling ocean  
He lays out the red carpet so I can walk on water.  
A magic ride into the eye of the creator.  
Like a broken wafer, it's now half gone  
Behind the silhouetted trees.  
And again, I will be left alone  
To contemplate the meaning of pouring wine.*

— John B. Humphrey

## MORE THAN A DOZEN

*A parade of little ghosts  
Come footing through my mind.  
How good once more to  
Feel cool noses  
And warm tongues.*

*I know you're there  
Beneath the grass  
With stones to mark your graves  
But I hold you here within my mind  
My ever loving knaves.*

— E. L. Wilson (1987)



## TO JANE

*In search of pattymelts and hotel rooms  
Filling that black hole with a good buzz  
Empties covering back dash  
Open twelve pack on the floorboard*

*Flash in the rear view  
Distracted when caught by caution lights  
Red light this time  
Almost out of smokes!*

*Wondering if those guys on the bus bench at three a.m. have the same parole officer  
Whites of their eyes more red  
Looking sadder than bloodshot  
Turning up the nice white folks music for disclaimer*

*Not paying attention is something we don't even do on purpose anymore  
Natural reflex  
Not seeing with clear eyes  
Don't even need those red glasses...*

*Gave them up sometime after Elvis and before the Beatles  
Somewhere before Reagan—Replacing them with prozac  
Yeah, we are a little embarrassed.  
The state of the world and everything...*

*Where to start?  
How about rolling that window down?  
Passing beers out  
Hoping to live to tell about it*

*Strange hands pulling wrists toward them in acceptance  
Chest pushing into the door panel  
Doors unlocking of their own accord  
Phantom thoughts shaming the mercy mission*

## METAMORPHOSIS

*From the ashes  
Of hope and regret  
Love and lust  
Rise, twist, feast  
Desperately on each other  
Becoming one exquisite beast  
Of thought and desire*

*In the embrace of the Sybarite  
The kiss of the ascetic  
Would in the chaotic pattern  
Of innocence and passion  
Lies the timeless genesis  
Of a glorious, genderless phoenix  
Screaming defiant,  
At all that is held holy  
Chanting reverent,  
To all that is sacred*

*Soul, sex, prayer, exultation  
The sibilliance of childhood  
The groans of manhood  
The voice of a creature  
Consumed by its creation*

— Nick Hardcastle

*Things like:  
Where is the mace  
And is that gun under the seat loaded?*

*Peace man, peace.  
You looked like you needed a beer.  
One for your friend, too.  
Green light.*

*Hesitating the driver leans over.  
"Ask them if we can get a pattymelt around here."  
Humor is the true Christ.*

— Shannon Amidon



## THE LORD GOD WOODPECKER IS HERE

We looked out one of these grey April days and saw a big patch of "poppy red" flashing against a dark cherry trunk about thirty feet up. All of us dashed around the house to other windows for better vantage points, and some grabbed binoculars. Pretty soon we knew we had a male pileated woodpecker, socking away at what looks to us like a perfectly sound, healthy cherry tree. The chips began to fly as he levered them off with his stout (and long) bill. We ate breakfast while he worked. Joe set up the spotting scope on a tripod in the living room, and from time to time we would stroll in there to check his progress. He got a big rectangle started. Then he must have received a message from Serious Enterprises Central because he took off and hasn't been back.

At this time of year the pileated woodpeckers are making nest holes. All year round they make holes for finding food, and these foraging holes are large rectangles, too. During the winter, the main food of the big woodpeckers is carpenter ants. These can be found, dormant, in the middle of mature trees. The ants get into the central parts of their galleries to get as much protection as possible from the cold. A pileated woodpecker is large, powerful and tenacious. It takes a very thick tree to keep ants safe.

We see the smaller woodpeckers, the downies and hairies, at our bird-feeder all winter, but the pileated is shy. He is up to twenty inches long, with a wingspan of twenty-eight to thirty inches. When he flies across the garden we see flashes of huge white under his wings. Recently my daughter Sudi was puzzled by a big bird, very dark on top, and so white below. It didn't seem quite like any hawk and it flew in swoops. We realized it was one of our pileateds.

These woodpeckers are so big and striking that they have been called logcock, black cock of the woods, wood hen, wood cock, and wood kate. Once Cora looked out by the root cellar and saw a big black bird on a stump there. She thought for a minute it was one of our black hens, flown the coop. The hens do

have bright red combs this time of year, but when the bird flew she saw it wasn't a chicken. It was the wood hen.

The common name "pileated" refers to the feathers of its pileum or crest, which is bright red in both males and females. The size and power of these birds are reflected in some of its archaic common names: great god woodpecker, good god woodpecker, and even lord god woodpecker. Those were the days when folks did not hold back in the naming of birds.

Little god woodpeckers will be hatching in these parts, maybe even in our cherry tree, about two weeks after the parents start incubating. During the day, the male and female will take turns sitting for about an hour and a half at a time. When one comes to relieve the other, it will tap gently on the outside of the nest-hole tree to signal its return. This password is repeated by its mate inside, and then they change places. When darkness comes, the male incubates all night alone.

One observer saw a pileated woodpecker relocate her eggs. The tree had fallen over, a disaster. Within twenty minutes the mother had moved all three eggs to a new location. When the male came to take his turn at incubation he found the place a wreck and began a frantic search for his mate. In the end he found her and they resumed their incubation.

Young woodpeckers hatch out naked and helpless. They never go through a downy phase but start right in with "juvenile plumage," which is similar to that of the adults, just a bit more grey and somewhat streaked in front. They spend three to four weeks in the nest hole and finally take their first flight. Even though they have had no exercise, no practice, that first flight may be a hundred yards or more. When they have flown, the young

birds don't return to the nest but are cared for by their parents, who bring them insect meals for several more months.

If you find a tree with a big rectangular hole and a pile of large chips at the base, you have come to the diggings of a pileated woodpecker. Chances are she will be back to this place, and if you are lucky you may have found a nest site. At one time these birds had disappeared from this area because the woods had

been cleared off. Throughout their range, though, they have been observed coming back readily once the woods grow up or reforestation takes place. They have a big personal territory, as much as 150 to 200 acres, so you won't see more than one mated pair in a small area. Often the size of the territory is determined by the availability of suitable nest or roosting trees. The males and females both have roost holes where they spend the night, safe from owls. These may be old nest holes or else new chambers made especially for sleeping. Though they sleep separately, the

male and female call to each other right after they get up in the morning and then spend the day foraging together, or within calling distance.

The nest hole may be dug as deep as three feet into a big tree. The pair may return to the same place year after year, but squirrels often take over these prime nesting spots and the birds have to make a new one. Pileated woodpeckers do excavation work for many other species of cavity-nesting animals, including wood ducks, buffle heads and hooded mergansers, as well as smaller birds and squirrels. It can take a pair of pileateds a month to dig out a nest hole, or sometimes two weeks if they are lucky and the center is getting soft with decay.



— Bonner J. McAllester



## WILDLIFE SURVEY

**A Spring Walk.** April 21. Balmy weather seems to be here to stay. [Hah. Snow in the air yet once again April 24.] We followed a rushing brook down to its destination in Lake Garfield and rejoiced at the twin buds of moosewood, standing up and opening out much like the ears of a small brown moose turning green. The first black flies were hatching out of the swift water and buzzing us, but not yet voracious enough or numerous enough to be the botheration one can anticipate in a week or so. Coltsfoot, like dandelions without leaves, was blooming in the moist gravel path near the lake. Pussywillows were fully out, silvery, and some with the yellow sheen of pollen. Geese flew over in pairs; the great honking flocks, the spearheads of spring, have now devolved into domesticity. All through Fargo Swamp the hellebore has come up some eight or ten inches of the thirty or forty it will reach. At this point it looks much like skunk cabbage, but beware! Unlike the edible cabbage shoots, these can kill you.

Floating in the high water at the lake's edge was a litter of beaver sticks, large and small willow and alder branches neatly stripped of their bark and decorated by the toothmarks of hungry beavers. When we struggled back up the hill, carrying sweaters, grown superfluous, we found arbutus in bloom, the crowning pink, fragrant essence of spring. In our ears was the echo of blackbirds and hylas ("spring peepers") the choristers of this welcome season.

**Bears, Other Four-Foots.** Bears have been out of hibernation since the beginning of April. A big, hungry adult was at the transfer station, evidently the same resident of the Gould Farm region noted last year. He probably wintered in a snug tangle of blow-down provided by the tornado. Dale Duryea renews his message: black bears are not dangerous unless you attract them with garbage or a tempting summer bird-feeder, and they feel trapped or threatened. Don't get familiar, make plenty of noise, and you can enjoy rare wild glimpses instead of being saddled with a nuisance.

Pauline and Richard Nault saw a moose crossing Route 57 in New Marlborough about a mile east of the village green March 31. They stopped, and moose and car occupants regarded each other calmly for a while.

Other items from Dale: he saw five deer across his field today (April 22); coyotes are about, and recently killed a heifer in Tyringham; raccoons have made a comeback—four or five rabid ones have been reported. We may see another run of the epidemic this summer. Dale saw a loon in Hop Brook in Tyringham, the first week of April; it could turn up on one of our lakes, now the ice is out. Woodchucks are out of hibernation; the turkey population is fine in spite of the heavy snows of last winter; blue herons and red-tailed hawks are ready for nesting; the first instalment of trout was dumped into Lake Garfield the week of April 14 by our friendly Fish and Wildlife Department.

**Some big cats.** Anita and Tom Car-

roll-Weldon saw a lynx last month at The Bidwell House, and Andy Dunlop saw a bobcat at her pond the third week of March.

**Birds.** Bluebirds, the eagerly awaited harbingers of spring, have not yet appeared at Dowd Meadow or Lowland Farm, but Rod Palmer has reported them, and Joyce Scheffey has seen a flock of them (about ten!) in and around her birdhouses. Pat Holohan was first to see them, on March 25 near Route 23 at the west end of Monterey.

Several flocks of snow geese, thirty or forty birds in each, all traveling together in a big, loose, gabbling aggregate, passed over eastern Monterey in a few magical seconds on April 4 at 5:30 a.m.

Other birds: pileated and hairy woodpeckers (David McAllester, April 21); turkey vulture over Route 23 and robins in West Otis, March 24, and redwings and robins, March 25 (Eleanor Kimberley); some thirty or forty robins in Tyringham valley April 8 (D. McA.). Barbara Tryon says they have been hearing woodcocks for quite a while, that there are more killdeer than usual, and that barn swallows arrived April 22. From Bonner McAllester and Joe Baker's bird feeder list: male cow birds April 4, females April 27, grackles April 4, a ruby-crowned kinglet April 20, a nearby sapsucker April 15, a white-throated sparrow April 22.

**Other signs of spring.** A brisk, though on-again-off-again, maple sap run; Sudi Baker's first mosquito bite April 21; first thunderstorm April 22 about midnight; a mild mud season to make up for the severe winter. Cattails are showing green shoots in the wet places, and beds of day lilies are doing the same along the roads; red maples in full bloom.

— David P. McAllester

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## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

### Back to Alabama

If it's cold in the Florida Keys, you know that the rest of the U. S. is absolutely frigid! With the average temperature in Key West 79 degrees, the morning I left (February 18) it *went down to 40!* The people don't have warm blankets or heavy jackets, and their blood is thinned out. With the cold and the brisk wind from the sea all around, the people suffered! I, being a Yankee, was clothed like a Yankee: I was fine. The five dogs in their sweaters were sleeping near the camper heater. The cat was burrowed down in my wool sweater on the high shelf. The bird had a blanket around his cage. The Toyota, pulled behind, was still there. We said a fond farewell to the Keys. There's a sign: "Turtleburgers," and "Tickets to Havana," and "Get Your Green Turtle Soup Here."

On the mainland we headed for Ft. Pierce, and hooked up to Norma's house. Good thing: we needed that little heater all night long. Next day no wind, warm sun. I reclined in her back yard with my dogs, shaded by orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees, paying my bills.

Next day we went across Florida to Zolfo Springs, and into the SKP Co-op. The palm trees are so big now. I used to live here. I said hello to people I knew—but I couldn't stay overnight! I had more than two pets! Even for one night! Seething, I went down the road and found a shaded site in the Pioneer Park.

Next day over on 64 to I-75, up to Bushnell to stay the night with the LOWs (Loners on Wheels). People began to leave the fire at Happy Hour. It was getting too darn cold! Next noon pulled into Tommy and Mary's home on a canal in Hudson on the Gulf. Over a ham dinner, I said, "You have a motor boat next to your sailboat. Why?"

"We're into scuba!" What do you know! People my age—first campers (we met in Mexico), then motorcycles, then sailing, and now exploring the bottom of the sea!

Next day was a pleasure for me. To the old charming Telford Hotel in White Springs, to visit the studio of "Of The People" broadcasts. I caught Chuck Harder on my car radio two years ago. He made sense! True news. Accurate news. News you can't get in the papers or on TV, colored by views of the owners. Two years ago he talked about Whitewater, now in all the headlines. The day after Vince Foster's death, Chuck cast doubt on the way Foster died. I catch him for three hours every weekday. He is on small radio stations (now, some TV) all around the country. I became a member, so I get his newspaper.

He discussed the "good" and "bad" of each candidate. Sometimes you can hear from the candidate himself. He said that the rapid-getting-through NAFTA and GATT agreements would result in Americans losing jobs. They are. Every day I see factories in N.H., Maine, and Alabama closing down due to the slave

labor overseas. He takes on topics that threaten the well-being of the USA.

I watched him do his daily show through the glass wall. Afterward I went into the store. So many meaningful books and tapes on the AFT in Waco, government agents in the Randy Weaver/Ruby Ridge incident, the Dixie Mafia. I would like to buy them all! Down the road to an RV park to sleep, tossing and turning, with all the new information I had gotten.

The day started early. All the way on I-10, stopping to walk the dogs, get gas, and eat. Through the capital, Tallahassee, through Pensacola...almost home now. Into Alabama. Turned south on 59. As I passed my friend Celeste's house in Roberdale I thought, what the heck! Why go home, facing all the problems of being home: I stopped. Celeste was home. "You're back, Joan. How were the Keys?"

"Cold", I said. They were in the midst of an early dinner.

"Here's a beer, sit down and have some dinner." I did, saying hello to her three dogs.

After a while it was time to face the music. I drove my camper-plus-Toyota into my "compound." Sally and daughter Sarah came from out back. They had my house open and the lights on. Right away I went to see my garden: oh no, it looked so sad. The weather got down to eleven degrees when I was away, coldest in history here. My orange, lemon, and banana trees showed no sign of being alive. (I did put sand way up on the trunk, with pine straw on top of that). My gardenia, magnolia, and azalea bushes weathered the cold, and the pansies were still in bloom. I went in, turned up the furnace. No water! The pipes under the house had frozen in two places.

So the week went on. To church: "Welcome back. How were the Keys?"



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"Cold" I said.

I got water in three days, then my builder *par excellence* went on to lay pipes for the bathroom I plan to put in my guest-barn. Down to my bar, Bennie's. "Miss Joan, how were the Keys?"

"Cold," I said.

I saw an ad in the paper: "Come and get a free tree." I went to the Courthouse and came away with eight tiny, tiny trees: pine oak, red maple, saw-tooth oak, sweet gum. I'm going to nurse them like a baby.

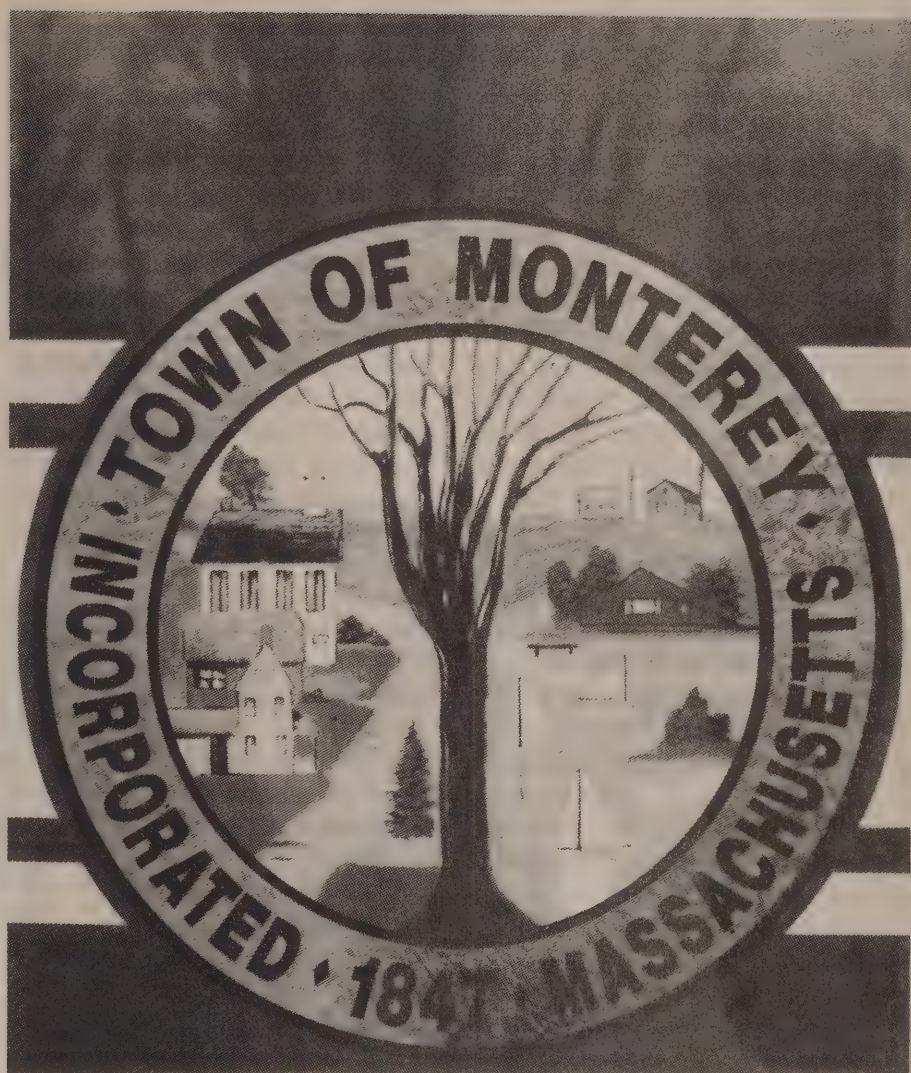
I was given a green toilet and a basin, so I bought a small shower and hot water heater, and I made curtains for around the sink. Now, my barn has a rustic, but comfortable, bathroom. Then my ancient wood stove from Maine was hooked up. Now we can cook and keep warm.

For a year now I have been searching for a better mobile home. The one I live in now is eighteen years old, and has bit the dust. When the forty-five-mile-an-hour wind blows right through the walls and windows my hair is ruffled! I have found one! Two years old, two bedrooms, two baths, a jacuzzi for two in the bathroom, a fireplace, and white tile throughout, (for the animals). I'm so excited! They will put the old home alongside (for which they paid me a handsome sum), put the new one in place, tie it down, put skirting on it, hook up the A/C. Then, my same builder *par excellence* will hook up water and electricity, and adjust the decks and fences. I will have unlimited days to transfer, then they will haul the old one (happy times there) away. I have some days to prepare.

The other day I brought home some salmon-colored geraniums...going to look pleasant in the middle of my pansy patch. The next night the news said *down to the teens!* I wrapped my pipes, left the water on a trickle, but I forgot about my salmon-colored flowers. The next morning they looked like two-day left-over salad. When is spring ever going to come?

This is Easter Day. Sun out. Warm. An Alabama-type day. Light sweaters. Myriad azaleas—every color bursting forth. Maybe God is testing us—I hope for days to come—for just one day!

— Joan Woodard Reed



## MONTEREY GRANGE

Monterey Grange No. 291 met on April 17 for a program on agriculture organized by Eleanor Kimberley and Charles Slater. Brother Slater donated

m a p l e  
s y r u p ,  
which was  
won by  
Richard  
Hardisty.  
M a s t e r

Tillie Butler was in charge of the education program when Berkshire South Pomona met in Sheffield on April 24. Members now have tickets for the next fund raiser. Applications are being taken for new members.

— Fraternally,  
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

## UPON MY WORD!

There are some Latin phrases that come in handy as the elections and inevitable debates preceding them approach. These are *argumentum ad rem* and

*argumentum ad hominem* which, literally translated, mean "arguing to the matter or issue at hand" and "arguing to the man or person." During the last few months we have had

ample opportunity to observe how easily one slips into the other! But with these two concepts clearly in mind we can be more discriminating in our final choices. We the people would then deliver an *argumentum pro bonum publicum*—for the good of us all.

— A. O. Howell



# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HANNAH CLIMENA PIXLEY CONTINUED

*Further youthful adventures in the sixth installment of our serial presentation of Hannah Pixley's account of her life.*

When I was nine years old, I was taken with rheumatism. One hip and one knee was all drawn out of shape. The doctors said, in them days, that a child could not have rheumatism. I was in bed all winter and if it had not been for a neighbor woman, I would of been a cripple for life. Then when I got up I was taken with cholera of the nerves. Mother got some little pills from the doctor for me. I grew white as a sheet. Then Röss, her husband, told her to let him see them. He took one, tasted it, then threw the box in the stove and said, "Them are just arsenic and it is killing her," so that was the end of my doctoring at that time.

Then I went back to school and tried to study nights to catch up. While Grandmother spun by the light of a pine knot in the fireplace, I lay on the floor by the stone hearth and studied my books. Soon I was taken almost blind and that ended my education, only what little I have picked up since, for when I could see better I had to work. But as soon as I could see good, I went up to Housatonic to the library and got books. We could get three books, keep them three weeks, then take them back and get three more. One day, we, that is my cousin and I, wanted to go and exchange our books, but the men had taken all the horses away to work, except a big four-year old colt they called Duke. He had never been drove but once, and then he had been drove in a double harness with an old horse. When the men all got away, my cousin Nettie and I went to the barn, took out the colt, then we got the harness on him, hitched him to a buggy and drove up to the library in Housatonic to get our books.

Well, it was quite a drive from Monterey, but we got there all right, but there was no place to hitch our horse. I saw a man standing by the road and I asked him if he would hold our horse while we got our books. He told us he

would. When we came out, he asked us if that was a colt. We told him, "Yes, that was the second time he had ever been drove."

Then he said, "Girls, you will surely get your necks broken."

We came back all safe and sound, however. Duke never got scarred [sic] but once. When we got back, we unharnessed the colt and put him in the barn where we took him from. Then at night, when the men came home, we asked the men if they would like some new books to read. They told us, "Yes, but you ain't got any."

Then we got our books and showed them we had.

Then they said, "Have you girls took that colt and went after books?"

We told them we did. They told us it was a wonder we was not both killed for they had not thought it safe to drive him on a buggy yet until he had been drove more with an older horse. Well, we came out all right, however, so then the men could do the same if they wanted to, for we had got the colt broke to a single harness all right and was already for what we might do next.

Well, I have been growing older since I started to write this book. It is now 1940 and I am seventy-seven years old now, so I must hurry up and finish it while my memory is good. I hope the one that publishes it will please correct all my mistakes.

When I was a small child, us little ones was not allowed white paper to mark on. If we did not have any brown paper we had to take birch bark. Oh, how we did want white paper like the big girls had. One day, my little friend, Nettie, was up to Grandmothers with me, and Mr. Huntley came in selling writing paper. He was a very large middle-aged man

with a very long full beard. He told us little girls if we would give him a kiss he would give us a bunch of writing paper. We told him to bend over. He told us we had got to kiss him when he stood up.

Well, we looked at him for we wanted that paper, then Nettie told me, "Minnie, we can climb." For we did climb small trees. So she went on one side of him and I on the other and climb up and sit on his shoulders and kissed him under his eyes where there was no whiskers. Then he bent over and stood us on the table and kissed us both. He stood us on the floor and gave us both a bunch of writing paper. We thought more of that paper than a child of today would think of a twenty-five dollar toy, for we never had any play things.

Nettie and I got a couple of Grandmother's brooms and was riding broom sticks for horses when Grandmother saw us, give us a lecture and made us put them up. She had company that day and told the old lady

that was visiting her that I would never be anything but a tom boy and she never could see what I was ever put there for. I never forgot what that old lady told Grandmother. She said to leave the child alone for the wildest colts made the best horses. Well, I did not wait to hear anymore, so Nettie and I went out to the orchard in front of the house where the men had been picking apples. There was a short ladder up against the trunk of the tree, so up the ladder we went. When Grandmother called to us to scold us some more, we was way out on a limb in the apple tree throwing down apples. Then we had to go in, sit prim and be little ladies or go and pick up chips. Well, it was not much of a choice, but we went to the chip pile for the chips could not scold us all the time.

That day that old lady told Grand-





mother she need not worry about me, if I lived to grow up I would always take care of myself. Well, I have. For mother, as I called her, always lived with me and my family and died at the age of ninety-three years.

So I took care of myself and my family and mother too, for ten years. Mother lost her mind and was a constant care, just like a little child. At last she was in bed seven months with cancers. It was dreadful, but I took care of myself and all the rest. Besides, I have always had to, so I can't see as they missed it very much in taking in me, a little stolen waif, that was stolen from my parents and left there with them. I sure had a hard life for Mother had a son that was the apple of her eye and I must take care of him. One time, she had some cane-seat chairs and my cousin and I was not allowed to sit in them for fear we would hurt them. Then she bought a little ax for her boy, for she would get everything he wanted. And the first thing he chopped was in the center of one of her cane-seat chairs. It was ruined but that was all right. It was her boy. Then next, he cut his thumb half off with his ax, then how she did lecture me and told me I was to blame. And I was not in the room at the time. Then she got a muzzle loading gun for him and I must go a-hunting with him and chase squirrels around trees over in Mr. Gibson's nut grove for him to shoot. It's a wonder I did not get shot. Then I had to carry the game home for him.

I was always glad when it was over for if anything had of happened to him, what would they do with me? They always kept my nerves on edge telling me if anything happened to him, I would be to blame. And he would do just as he wanted to. Anyway, I could not make him mind for Mother and Grandmother had always let him have his own way in everything. And I must wait on him and do just as he told me. And how afraid I used to be sometimes and tremble for fear something would happen to him, for in my child-mind, I thought then they would hang me. I was glad when I got a little older and could get away from home.

One time there was a woman that had a blind daughter and she used to play the accordion. So her mother wanted us

girls to go up to her house some night and sing for Alice, as she wanted to learn to play and sing the song of the frozen girl. So Clarence Johnson took his oxen that he drove with rope lines on the bob sleighs, one night, and took a load of us young folks up there to sing for the blind girl. One young man that went played the violin, so he could play the music to learn Alice. So she learned the song of the frozen girl so she could sing and play it.

Then her mother wanted the fiddler to play for a square dance, for Alice had not danced a step in the fifteen years she had been blind. So we danced a set and took Alice through the set. Then we sung other old time songs. Her mother asked her to play and sing "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethenell Green" for us.

Her mother said, "I know you don't like the song, but these girls and boys have been so kind to come and sing for you tonight, won't you sing it for them?" So she sung and played it for us. It was one of the best songs I ever heard. Then Alice told us she had enjoyed that night the most of anything since she was blind. So they kept wanting us to stay. She enjoyed it so much it got to be most morning. When we started for home, we was all sleepy, but the old oxen went to sleep. They see a haystack with the barn way open, so in there they went to eat off that hay stack. It had began to get daylight. Then we woke up and Johnson was getting the oxen out of the lot when the old farmer see us from up to his house, but did not know who we were. But he hollered at us and said he would have us all arrested for disturbing the peace. Not one of us had spoke. Then Johnson spoke to the oxen but when we got on the road the oxen started on a run for home and left the old farmer yelling after us. Then one of the boys called to him that he better go take in his chimney. He thought it was a-going to rain. He did not have us arrested and could not for we had not disturbed the peace at all, only got to sleep that was all. And we had give the blind girl a very happy time. I was always glad we did, for I don't think them oxen eat enough of that old swamp hay off that stack to hurt that man at all.

Then Clarence's father got him a driving horse and buggy to take us girls out riding. So as soon as he got it, he asked

Nettie Kimberley to come and get me and go for a ride. It was a nice moonlight night and Nettie come and asked Mother if I could go and stay with her that night. Mother told her yes, but I had a cold and I must take a cup of ginger and molasses to take when I went to bed.

So we took the cup of ginger and molasses and started. Then Nettie told me that Clarence was coming to take us to a ride with his new horse, but she had a cold and she had not told her mother. So that night her mother came and tucked us in to bed and put out the lights. Then she went to bed. Then when we heard her father and mother snore in their sleep, we got up and dressed, locked the door out of the living room, hid the key and went for our ride with Clarence and the new horse. For Clarence and Nettie was keeping company together and was going to get married soon as he was twenty one. Well, we went around the lake and all went well until we got in to Hartsville village. The moon was shining bright and we see a road full of men going the other way. Clarence said that looks strange to see all of them a foot. I will turn around and follow them and see what it all means, but he did not understand horses as well as oxen, so in turning he run into Mr. Sheldon's hitching post. Then he had to get out and unhitch the horse and back out the buggy.



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*Shravan Neill*



Well, it made some noise, but he kept as still as he could, but Nettie and I knew folks was trying to see who he had with him, so we kept the lap robe over her and my head. Oh, we got out all right after awhile, then come right straight home, thanked Clarence for our nice ride, bid him good night, unlocked the door, went in and went to bed and her mother never woke up.

So the next morning her mother came and woke Nettie and me for Nettie to do the chores at the house and barn so her father and mother could both go to work. Her mother was going down to Hartsville that day to work for Mrs. Sheldon. But when she got down there Mrs. Sheldon began at Mrs. Kimberley about Johnson's running in to her hitching post the night before and told her Nettie and I was with him. Well, she just guessed that, for she never see our heads. That made Mrs. Kimberley mad and she told Mrs. Sheldon, "Yes, everything that is ever done is laid to them two girls and there never was two better girls ever lived." And she knew just where we was for she see us to bed and put out our light. Mrs. Sheldon told her she lied and we was in Hartsville last night. Mrs. Kimberley told her she could swear on a stack of bibles as high as her house. We was at her house asleep at night and she would not stay and work for a woman that would lie as she did about us girls.

So she came home mad as a hornet. Poor soul, she was so sure she was right for she found Nettie and me in bed just where she left us. For when we got back, we eat the ginger and molasses and never took a bit more cold. But when her mother

came home hopping mad, we went out to do the barn chores and be where we could have a good laugh. Poor Mrs. Kimberley was one good woman. Heaven bless her. She loved children and wanted them to be happy and have a good time.

One time, when Nettie and I was small, we wanted to slide down hill, but we did not have a sled. I was staying with Nettie that day and her mother had gone to work and there was a fine crust of snow up on the side hill. So Nettie and I took two of her mother's milk pans up on the hill, sit in them and slid down hill in fine shape. Sometimes we spun around swift. We had a good time, but it was bad for the pans. Her mother asked us if we had been sliding down hill in her milk pans and we told her yes, that was all we could find to slide on. Then she told us not to do that any more. So then we let the pans alone.

Then Nettie's father got her a hand sled so she and I had fun with that until there came an icy crust on the snow and we both had new shoes. But sliding down hill and digging our heels in the crust cut the backs of our shoes. And just as Nettie's father was fixing her shoes, Mother took mine over for him to fix. Then the old man swore and said it was our having a sled and he should take that sled to the chopping block. He did, and that was the last of the sled. So when he was gone, we used to take his scoop shovel and slide on it. One day, we broke the handle and Mrs. Kimberley told us to stand it just where we took it from and we did. She never told the old man we children broke it and he never knew how it got broke. Nettie's mother always liked to see the children

and young folks have a good time and would do all she could to make it pleasant for them. God bless her.

One night there was to be a dance up Cheshire where the Alteray school is now. A New York family by the name of Purdy bought it and give a party that night. We had been invited, so Clarence Johnson got a two-seated wagon and took Nettie Kimberley, who became his wife after that, and my cousin Nettie Pixley and me up to the party. We had a fine time, but coming home, in going down hill, the hold-back straps broke and the horse run and making the turn in the road near my home, jumped across the road and threw us, wagon and all, on to a stone wall. Nettie Kimberley and I was under the wreck. Then the horse hit Johnson a blow with her foot in the head and knocked him out. Nettie Kimberley and I was cut up very bad. The horse had cleared herself from the wagon but Nettie and I wiped the blood off from us and started bringing Clarence to life if we could. When he come to, then we turned our attention to my cousin, Nettie Pixley. We thought she was dead. She did not stir, so we three lifted her up and carried her to my home and they got a doctor for her. We all stayed with her until the doctor got there and examined her and told us she was not hurt a bit, only sound asleep. He said it is the other three that is badly hurt. But we told him we did not need his help, as we only had cuts and bruises. The horse had gone home and the wagon was just kindling wood, so that ended our dance that night. We took care of our cuts and bruises and came out all right.

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## THANKS!

for your contributions, your  
comments, your kind words.

O’Connell · Jean Woodman & Barbara Tryon · Gerry Allen · Alan & Erma & Lillian Oislander · Virgil & Perskie · Martin & Carole Crofut · Gisela Freundlich · Peter Schneiderman · George Margaret Maxwell · Robert &





MAGGIE DONARD

## MONTEREY • BUILT 1750

### GREAT BARRINGTON STREET SCENE

*The Berkshire Record recently printed this letter by Luke Granucci, who can be found most weekday mornings in the center of Monterey waiting for the schoolbus to Mount Everett, where he is a sophomore.*

One of the greatest and most valuable consistencies of our species is its diversity. Diversity in everything from thoughts to looks. This diversity should be embraced more, and if somebody does have an opposing view on any subject you are (even strongly) opinionated on, you should at least hear them out before prejudging their ideas, or, for that matter, them.

The other day, an officer forcefully grabbed me by the arm, and after taking down my name, told me to go find a "bitch." He threatened to take me down to the station and put me before court. Now this was on a busy Saturday, and outside of Bev's there had to be at least fifty tourists standing, not walking, just standing there. When I let the officer

know about this, he said that "they weren't camped out for the day." I had been standing there for literally two minutes before the officer approached me and unfairly accused me of blocking the sidewalk. The tourists outside of Bev's were there for the next two hours.

The police have claimed that people have had to cross the street to avoid us. Many times I've had to cross the street, for crowds of tourists were truly blocking it. This is only one story where tourists were not bothered by the police even though they created a larger problem than me.

Do the tourists take precedence over the citizens in Great Barrington? The police seem to think so. It also seems that the bylaws are enforced far more greatly than actual laws. "Protectors of the peace" they're called. Protectors of what peace—the economically enhanced peace of mind knowing that they won't see any youths doing something that they enjoy? And there are always prejudices involved with the sight of a teenager who may look a little different from what "normal" people are used to. There is *obviously* a problem with these youngsters' minds.

Great Barrington is not an amusement park. People here do (or should) not go out of their way just to entertain or care for a tourist over anyone else. But the GBPD *does* dress up for the tourist season. The kids of Great Barrington are not deliberately trying to look intimidating. But the police *are* deliberately intimidating, though the police don't seem to realize that. They enforce the not-so-important bylaws, that are so *easily* seen and accessed, so these rich strangers can feel "safe." What is a town but a place for its citizens to gather (?).

Our little society thinks it needs the tourists to survive. But it is on the contrary, our society is *paying* by having an *overpopulated* and *overzealous* police force who put second-home owners above their own citizens. The bylaws, such as loitering, seem to be selectively enforced by the whim of the officer who happens to be on duty. Since there are so few serious crimes in this area, and the police want to protect the town bylaws, how many officers are needed, and what are they trying to prove?

— Luke Granucci



## SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

The phrase "signs of the zodiac" is used so often in astrology it's easy to forget that the words refer to exactly that: signs. Each of the twelve sections of the zodiac has a defining sign, an image that can be read like a picture sign along a highway.

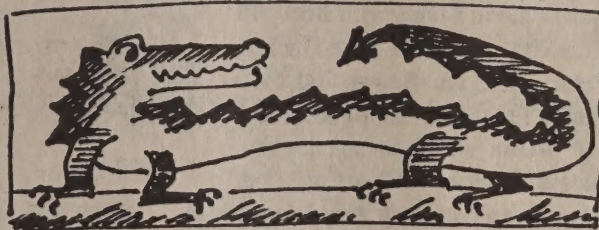
Each of these images is an astrological "word" but the words are in a language that is structured very differently from the structure of English. In English, we speak of the three Rs—reading, 'riting and 'rithmethic. We're taught that reading is a purely logical process and we're taught logical rules about the letters and the sounds they make. Then we learn that English has lots of "exceptions to the rules," and we have to learn the logical, linear rules about the exceptions. The language of astrology doesn't work that way.

In astrology, we speak a language made of signs, pictures, more similar in structure to the "ideographic" languages of, say, Mandarin Chinese or Egyptian hieroglyphics than to the symbol-and-sound structure of English. Each of the images represents the living idea represented by the image, not the sounds of the word being spoken.

Here are the twelve signs of the

zodiac, the images themselves, then a description of what the image represents, then a translation of each sign into its English name.

- 1 the head of a ram (Aries)
- 2 the head of an ox (Taurus)
- 3 two pillars standing side by side (Gemini)
- 4 the claws of a crab (Cancer)
- 5 a lion, stretching his back like a housecat (Leo)
- 6 a young woman with a harvest of wheat in her left arm (Virgo)
- 7 the scales of beauty, truth, justice (Libra)



- 8 a scorpion (Scorpio)
- 9 an arrow shot from a bow into the air (Sagittarius)
- 10 a creature comfortable both in the mountains and in the water, a sea-goat (Capricorn)
- 11 a water bearer (Aquarius)
- 12 two fish tied together, one trying to swim north, the other south (Pisces)

— MaryKate Jordan

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## PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to proud new parents **Fred Chapman** and **Chandler Crawford** of Harmon Road, whose daughter, **Lily Crawford Chapman**, was born at Fairview Hospital on April 18, weighing in at seven pounds, eleven ounces.

Double congratulations to a delighted **Garry** and **Linda Hayes Lentz**, whose twin boys, **Ryan** and **Eric**, were born on April 22. They are settling in at their West Milford home in New Jersey with lots of help from their eager and excited four-year-old big brother **Jesse**. Our congratulations also to absolutely elated grandparents **Arnold** and **Judy Hayes** of Tyringham Road.

**Oren Rosenthal** enjoyed a West Coast vacation which included a visit to **Ellen Pearson**. It seemed an update was in order, as many didn't realize that Ellen had left the Texas ranch and is living in Idyllwild, California, where she is working with disturbed children as a dorm parent. Daughter **Myra** is finishing up her junior year at the Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts, where she excels at set design. Ellen misses Monterey and all her animals, and word is she does have plans to return. She's down to a couple of cats! Will we hear from you soon, Ellen?

Another highlight of **Oren's** trip was a few days on Catalina Island.

Many other Montereyans enjoyed big and small escapes these past few weeks. **Gige O'Connell** enjoyed the sunny weather on St. Martin, some of the time joined by relatives and friends. **Alf** and **Lena Pedersen** visited daughter **Ellen** and family in Virginia, and son **John** and family in Pennsylvania. **Bob** and **Gail Heath** toodled off to Nashville, and **Maryellen Brown** spent some time in Florida. **Sandy Banks** and **Lindsay Pontius** escaped to Cancun, and **Valerie** and **Emily Costas** to Florida. **Barbara Gauthier** visited son **Jim** in Boston and son **Jeff** in New Hampshire, and then relished some time in Maine with **Bob**. **Jill Amstead** ran off to Lake George, **Peter** and **Joan Brown** did their annual Texas trek visiting sons, etc., and **Stefan** and I managed a few days in Vermont and then Cape Cod. Also, **Dean** and **Fran Amidon** enjoyed time in St. Augustine, Florida. It's Monterey on the move! We would all agree, I believe, that getting away is wonderful, but we can be grateful to have such a beautiful place to come home to!

Our hats off to Monterey students named to the honor roll for the third quarter at Monument Mountain Regional High School. **Gabriel Schulze** and **David Shea** earned High Honors in grade nine, **Bethany Sadlowski** made High Honors in grade ten, and **Morgan Clawson** and **Mike Mielke** both earned Honors in grade eleven. Our applause—keep up the great work, all of you!

And congratulations to Mount Everett wrestler **Jason Tanner**, three-time Western Mass. Division III Champion, and three-time state finalist at 171 pounds, who was named Most Valuable Player of the Berkshire County League. Also named to the first team was **Joe Kopetchny** at 130 pounds; **Kevin Ohman** was a second team selection. Great job! Our hats off to all of you!

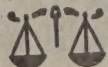
Very happy birthday wishes to **Cora Jay Baker** on May 3, to **Douglas Brown** on May 6, to **Eoin Higgins** on May 8, to **Tarsi Dunlop** on May 9, to **Judah Piepho** on May 17, to **Deirdre Higgins**, **Isaiah Schulze**, and **Tess Dunlop** on May 22, and to **Alexandra Newman** on May 29.

Happy anniversary wishes to **Ernie** and **Mary Heath** on May 3, to **Bill** and **Jeanne Zad** on May 7, and to **Alf** and **Lena Pedersen** on May 22. Our very special wishes to **Bob** and **Eileen Schlichter** who will celebrate their sixtieth year of marriage on May 30. For Monterey friends who would like to send personal greetings to this special duo, their address is 530 S.W. 18 St., Boynton Beach, FL 33426. They would be delighted to hear from you!

Some news you would like to share? Birthday greetings? Please give me a call at 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23. Thanks for your contributions!

— Stephanie Grotz

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By the end of March total snowfall for the season had reached 147.25"—three-quarters of an inch less than twelve feet. Kept falling in April, but by then when snow filled the air, it didn't necessarily pile up on the ground.

High temp. (3/25) .....	63°
Low temp. (3/10) .....	-2°
Wind-chilled low temp. (3/3) .....	-27°
Avg. high temp. ....	42°
Avg. low temp. ....	19°
Avg. temp. ....	31°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	32.2°
Precip. occ. ....	14 days
Rainfall .....	1.61"
Snowfall .....	26.5"
Total precip. ....	3.47"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	3.31"
High bar. press. (3/10) .....	30.70"
Low bar. press. (3/15) .....	29.42"
High humidity (3/3) .....	90%
Low humidity (3/17) .....	46%
Avg. wind speed .....	3 mph
High wind gust (3/19) .....	39 mph

## MONTEREY NEWS TEE SHIRTS

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**Saturday, May 4** Annual Town Meeting, from 9 a.m. in the firehouse.

**Sundays, May 5, 12, 19, 26** AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

**Wednesdays, May 1, 15** Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

**Friday and Saturday, May 10, 11** Open House at Tyrringham Visitation Monastery, 12:30-4:30 p.m. (See story, p. 6)

**Wednesday, May 15** Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

**Sunday, May 19** Piano recital by students of Katherine Reis, 3 p.m. at United Church of Christ. Refreshments.

**Tuesday, May 21** Free blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

**Saturday, May 25** Square and contradiction at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30-11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

**Monday, May 27** Memorial Day Parade, town center, 1 p.m. All Monterey veterans invited to participate.

**Saturday, June 8** Tag Sale sponsored by the Monterey Fire Company, 7:30 a.m.-1 p.m. in the pavilion behind the firehouse.

**Sunday, April 28.** Two vans from Rhode Island parked near Stevens Lake before noon. A dozen young adults gathered around rocky outcroppings on the north side of Route 23.

"We're on a geological expedition from Brown University," a young woman explained to lakeside resident MaryKate Jordan. "These rocks were heated at one time, and where the temperatures were high, the minerals formed into larger clumps. Where the minerals stayed cooler, there aren't any clumps. You can see the different sizes of the clusters of minerals as you walk along the road."

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We invite readers to submit letters, news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings, and photographs. Please send submissions by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor.

Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager.

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*Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, pp. 14, 20; Erika Crofut, pp. 2, 25, 26; Bonner McAllester, p. 16.*

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